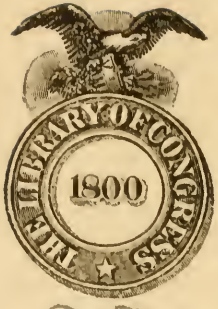
MY CREED

HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER

PS 3545
.A615
M8
1912
Copy 1



Class PS3545
Book A615M8
Copyright No. 1912

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

MY CREED

AND OTHER POEMS

HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER

RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
BOSTON

Copyright, 1912, by Howard Arnold Walter

All Rights Reserved

PS3545
.A615M8
1912

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

$1.50

©CLA330272
2nd

TO

MY SISTER

Pure in heart and true in deed—
From your life I learned my creed.

"And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem."

JOHN MILTON.

PREFACE

The majority of the poems included in this volume have not hitherto appeared in print. A few were published in "New Songs," an anthology from the press of Chapman and Hall, London, in 1907. Some others have appeared in various periodicals to whose editors thanks are due for courteous permission to republish at this time. The author would also here express to his mother and his friend, Dr. Henry van Dyke, his deep gratitude for their generous services in reading the proof and for the many valuable suggestions they have given him.

Now as these scattered songs of faith and love and friendship are sent upon their way the author prays his friends, for whom they are intended, to separate the chaff from the wheat and retain as their own what they shall find to be worth the keeping.

H. A. W.

New Britain, Conn.,
September 25, 1912.

CONTENTS

My Creed 11
My Friendship 12
I had a Friend 13
My Prayer 14
The Perfect Friend 15
Answered Prayer 16
The Preacher's Prayer 17
Lines—Dedicating a Guest-Book 18
The Guarding Angel 19
Love's Ultimate 20
Optimism 21
The Master 22
Good-night—A Lullaby 23
The Awakening 24
Age Counsels Youth 25
The Pride that Goeth 26
Lullaby 27
Afterglow 28
Song at Parting 29
A Song of Two 30
Under the Roses 31
The Discovery 32
How Love Came 33
All My World 34
Somehow 35
When Sorrow Beckons at Thy Door 36
Heaven's Requital 37

CONTENTS

Song 38
Love's Welcome 39
A Fantasie 40
Metaphor 41
Critic—Cupid 42
The Coquette's Mirror 43
Love's Camaraderie 44
The Cost 45
The King's Lament 46
Along the Way 47
Love 48
So They Went Back and Walked no More with Him 50
The Epistles of Christ 51
The Two Ways 52
In After Years 53
To You—In Darkness 54
God's Great Gift 55
To An Old Friend 56
Quatrains 57
Dawn on Monadnock 59
Inverness 60
Fujiyama Rex 61
Twilight on the Penobscott 62
Lake Dunmore 63
Evening in Yokohoma Harbor 64
At Last 65
Poetry and Love 66
Foreshadowings 67
The Brahman to Jesus 70

CONTENTS

Music and the Master..... 71
Faith's Dream of Doubt..... 72
At Close of Day I Knelt..... 73
Epicurus or Christ..... 74
Sovereignty 75
In Loving Hope..... 76
Elihu Burritt 77
Glasgow's Farewell to George Adam Smith.. 78
Mirage 79
To Christina—Today 80
To E. P. P. and J. H. T..... 81
To T. A. Daly..... 82
My Valentine 83
In Memoriam: Verling Winchel Helm..... 84
East and West..... 86
A Birthday Greeting..... 87
To M. B. D..... 88
A Contrast 89
To Princeton—1905 90
Mother Ocean 91
The Reflection 92
On Ship-Board 93
Soul, Rest Not in Thy Sorrow..... 94
The Day's Life..... 95
The Manifest God..... 96
The Way, the Truth and the Life..... 97
Asked at Sunset..... 98
The Easter Light..... 99
Easter Hymn 100
A Thanksgiving Thought..... 102

CONTENTS

A Christmas Thought..... 103
An Easter Thought..... 104
At a Comic Opera..... 105
Morning and Evening..... 106
The King and the Pilgrim: An Allegory.... 107
Prayer—at the Cross..... 108
For Hostess 109
For Leader 110
To My Mother..... 111
L'Envoi 112

MY CREED

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;

I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

MY FRIENDSHIP

With all truth's frankness I would be so tender,
  Since highest honour is the end of scorn,
That hearts I seek to help may sense the fragrance,
  Before they feel the thorn.

With all love's fondness I would be so loyal,
  Since purest passion is the end of fear,
That friends I win may learn from lips that love them
  Hard truths they have to hear.

I HAD A FRIEND

I had a friend—that fateful line
In characters of gold doth shine
  Across my life, and men must know
  That all of good my years can show
Is shadowed in that wondrous sign.
And if one say, "That work of thine
Is better wrought than aught of mine,"
  For answer I will whisper low,
    "*I* had a friend."

And if, in that last Day's decline,
There rings at eve the Voice Divine,
  "Well done," and if I then shall go
  Where, crystal-clear, that stream doth flow,
This cause, my soul, in Heaven assign,
    I had a *Friend.*

MY PRAYER

(*"Beginning from Jerusalem"*—)

Lord, for myself I pray.
  Loyal and blithe I'd be;
Giving my strength to men who need,
  My heart to Thee.

Lord, for my home I pray.
  Spirit of peace, brood o'er;
Open to God, the windows be,
  To man, the door!

Lord, for my church I pray.
  Heavenly Dove descend;
Grant that Thy Light, her lamp may be;
  Thy Truth, her end.

Lord, for my friend I pray.
  Send him some joy unsought;
Bring his ennobling dreams to pass,
  The rest, to naught.

Lord, for my land I pray.
  Plenty and peace bestow;
Make it the friend of all who love,
  Of hate, the foe.

Lord, for the world I pray.
  Teach it to serve and sing;
Grant to each hand to find its task,
  Each heart, its King.

THE PERFECT FRIEND

Clasp of a hand that heartens,
  Eyes that are brave and true,
Lips that reveal their secrets
  Only to you:

Faith not a doubt can darken,
  Love to its utmost end,—
Of such is your spirit's comrade,
  The perfect friend.

ANSWERED PRAYER

The way was dark—I prayed for light
To guide my soul through deeps of night;
But God in wisdom knew me best,
He sent the dark and bade me rest.

Beset by storms that would not cease,
In agony I prayed for peace.
God heard my prayer, but sent me more,
The storm waxed wilder than before.

At last I cried, with humble breast,
"Lord, grant no prayer that is not best,
Henceforth Thy will not mine be done"—
Behold, He granted every one.

THE PREACHER'S PRAYER

When to the pews I turn my gaze,
  Within the wistful eyes I read
A hunger lurking 'neath the praise;
  For hearts at peace their faces plead.

When, prayer-inclined, I gaze on high,
  The Saviour's eyes, with yearning dim—
The pitying love that stooped to die—
  Unveil the perfect peace in Him.

Lord Christ, my trembling lips inspire,
  So with Thy love my words impress,
That I may link each heart's desire
  With Thy vast eager power to bless.

LINES—DEDICATING A GUEST-BOOK

Friend, how the treasured golden hours have hasted
Wherein you dreamed and *lived* with me, and shared
My board; I know that for the food you tasted
You little cared.

But I would give you more, in some hereafter
Should you look back, adown the darkening years,
Unto this hour, this fellowship, this laughter,
Through many tears,

'Twould be that then life's load should lift or lighten,
And to its God once more your soul would say,
In every heart and home love's lamp shall brighten
Where wends my way.

THE GUARDING ANGEL

When fair and fickle words that men have spoken
  Disclose their false intent;
When trusted ties of olden friends are broken,
  And faith seems quite forespent;

I think of her whose love, untold, unfailing,
  Through years too bruised and brief,
Above my skeptic mind and heart prevailing,
  Dispelled mine unbelief.

'Tis ever so: before the last dread portal,
  Where dearest faiths depart,
Guarding the entrance standeth one immortal
  Loyal and loving heart.

LOVE'S ULTIMATE

Love me so much that if the world's harsh masters
Drive me to anguish and to wild unrest,
So that I may not see nor hear nor touch you,
Each moment I shall feel your love confessed.

Hold me so close, by love's wide arms encircled,
That if for long my lips must pine unpressed,
Through utter languish of the beaten body,
I shall be crushed in spirit to your breast.

Trust me so far that if in sudden folly
I stoop to passions by our love unblessed,
You will reclaim me, wretched, weak and broken,
And win me to the triumph of my best.

OPTIMISM

Where do you go with a face so bright?
I seek the Bourne of the Fadeless Light.

And what if the end be distant far?
Still, the sunset peace and evening star.

Yet ever at eve the sunset dies!
Still memory lives and hope defies.

And what if the end be death at last?
Not death, but life, with the shadow past.

Who are you, Spirit, with heart so true?
I was once your dream, and I might be—you.

THE MASTER

In the worldly throng, alone,
'Mid contending tongues, unknown,
Seeking truth—and not his own;

Coming when they do not call,
Guiding where they fear no fall,
Spurning when they give their all;

Graver when their hearts are gay,
Brighter when the clouds grow gray,
Calmer when the bugles play;

Loving where no love is found,
Giving where no gifts abound,
Helping where all hope is drowned;

Telling to no friend his woes,
Asking of no priest repose,
Smiling 'neath the scorn of foes;

He must conquer, soon or late,
He is lord of death and fate,
He will lead to Heaven's gate.

GOOD-NIGHT—A LULLABY

Down droops the darkness; fast fades the light.
Come, little brother, and tell me "good-night."

Shadows grope blindly 'mid hollow and height.
See, little brother, they bid you "good-night."

Stars out of Loneland sail into sight.
Hark, little brother, they whisper, "good-night."

Soft steal the moon-beams, wistful and white.
Read, little brother, their message, "good-night."

Slumber-boat's leaving; far is its flight.
Haste, little brother, it whistles "good-night."

Little lips parting—eyes closing tight.
Go, little brother—good-night, good-night.

THE AWAKENING

Last night I dreamed I saw you stand,
As was your wont, and smile and say,
"Love, 'twas in jest I spake that day,
I bid you come and take my hand."

Then in the rapture of those days
Whose golden suns I deemed had set,
One pledged the other to forget
The grief along our severed ways.

When through the spent dream crept to view
The chamber where I dwelt apart,
The barren truth ached through my heart—
I loved you better than I knew.

Could we have seen the years at stake,
The bitter fruitage of our pride,
Such dreams at dawn had never died,
And to such pain I could not wake.

AGE COUNSELS YOUTH

(For M. C. H.)

You will find, as you go life's journey,
  Wherever your feet shall tend,
That Love is the one companion
  Who will fare to the journey's end.

Love sets the soul to singing
  Whenever the way grows hard,
And, out on the far horizon,
  Love is the last reward.

THE PRIDE THAT GOETH

Thou who did'st bind the laurel on my brow,
After my race was run,
Come forth with me to share a victor's joy
Till setting sun.

Thou who did'st pray that I might never win,
Lest pride be then my guest,
Absent this day, come thou to ease my fall,
Who lov'st me best.

LULLABY

Baby sleep, the night is nearing,
Softest twilight tints, appearing,
Dim the garish sunset splendor,
Bathe the earth in shadows slender.
Blinking star-eyes none can number
Watch above thy peaceful slumber,
Guard thy breast from every danger;
Stars that watched above a manger,
Long and long ago.

Baby sleep, the shades are falling,
Voices of the night are calling,
From the depths of dreamy distance,
Echoes of a far existence.
Now the moon, all wan and hoary,
Floods the earth with argent glory,
Down his silver path of pardon;
Moon that shone upon a garden,
Long and long ago.

Baby sleep, till evanescent
Dawn receives the silver crescent
In its bosom,tawny, glistening,
When the birds, alert and listening,
Carol forth the fragrant morning,
Mist-hung earth and sky adorning,
Gilded with the sun's reflection
Morn that viewed a resurrection,
Long and long ago.

AFTERGLOW

(*In a College Room*)

Since your dainty presence wafted
  Through this dull and dusty place
Fragrance as from fine old gardens,
  And your face,
Radiant as with summer sunshine,
  Scintillated warmth and grace,
All is changed, and where you lingered,
  By that picture, on this seat,
Hallowed spots shall be forever,
  Marguerite.

SONG AT PARTING

Go not too far, love, for the world is hard,
  Thou yearn'st to greet,
And there be many stones, and none to guard
  The tender feet
That have not wandered, and that are not scarred,
  And have not known defeat.

Go not too far, love, for the path is steep,
  And thou art frail,
And yonder lies the ocean, broad and deep,
  Thou can'st not sail.
If many leagues thy journey thou dost keep
  Thy fortitude must fail.

Go not too far, love, storms will soon descend,
  And, tempest-tried,
Thou can'st not, wheresoe'er thy footsteps bend,
  For long abide,
Till thou hast found me, at thy journey's end—
  Thy longing satisfied.

A SONG OF TWO

(*To M. B. W.*)

He Sings:

You have crossed the dismal desert,
Lonely heart, and found me here;
I am come to be your comrade,
Win your trust and woo your cheer.
I am sent to love and lead you,
Will you let me, dear?

She Sings:

Yes, I know my heart was lonely
On that pathway bleak and bare;
Yet I dreamed of Love's own country,
Sun-swept skies and perfumes rare.
If I chose to let you lead me,
Could you lead me there?

He Sings:

Nay, across the world love wanders,
And no garden home he knows;
Love a wizard is, and ever
Springs a garden where he goes.
Love can make the dismal desert
Blossom like the rose.

She Sings:

Come then, let us dare the desert,
Tread the lonely paths I know;
Everywhere to shed the sunshine,
Fertile seeds of Love to sow.
Anywhere your love shall lead me,
Sweetheart, I will go.

UNDER THE ROSES

Do you remember it still to-day,
Under the roses that arched the way,
What I whispered low and what you replied,
And how you colored and softly sighed?
That memory still in our hearts reposes—
Known only to you and me and the roses.

And do you remember that scented night,
When we walked alone in the pale moonlight?
When the stars looked down with their laughing
eyes
And you gave me then—ah, sweet surprise!
Be still, the secret no lip discloses—
Known only to you and me and the roses.

And do you recall? But I rest me there:
Though the memories past be ever so fair,
The golden hours of to-day are best,
When you come, dear heart, at my love's behest,
And we walk each night as the wan day closes,
Down by the path that is arched with roses.

THE DISCOVERY

Out on the level highway,
  That follows east and west,
Are weary throngs that hasten,
  With feet that find no rest,
Unto a goal they dream of,
  Upon an endless quest.

I scan, from woodland cloisters,
  Their strained and wistful eyes
That seek the rainbow treasure,—
  And think, how they were wise
Apart with me to wander
  In paths where pleasure lies:

Till, in my listless watches,
  With rapt and sudden thrill
I see a face whose sadness
  Strikes to my heart a chill;
And eyes that mutely beckon,
  And lure me to their will.

Lo, I, upon the highway,
  Seek for a promised land:
Another fares beside me;
  And now I understand—
Better than lonely joyance,
  To sorrow hand in hand.

HOW LOVE CAME

Unto you love came like the eagle
  That swoops on its helpless prey,
And harries and hurts and rends it,
  And bears it at last away.

But to me, as I watched and wondered,
  Like a white little dove it came,
And nestled close in my bosom,
  And "Peace" was its whispered name.

ALL MY WORLD

Truth is the soul of my dearie,
  Beauty, her beating heart,
And her voice is Melody,
  And her face is Art.

Love is the life of my dearie,
  Faith in her mind is furled,
And her hands are Charity—
  She is all my world.

SOMEHOW

(*To M.*)

Girl of the past, close-curtained,
  If those fleet hours were all,
Time's tracks I'd backward travel,
  Somehow to hold you thrall.

Girl of the cryptic present,
  I may not fathom far
Its secret strange, I'd only
  Somehow be where you are.

Girl of the mystic future,
  With dazzling dreams inwrought,
To what white peaks they lure you,
  Somehow I shall be brought.

WHEN SORROW BECKONS AT THY DOOR

Shall I rejoice that thou hast never known
  Life's thorny, bitter way;
That woodland glades with roses overblown
  Are where thy glad feet stray?
Ay,—though alone
  I bear my cross this day.

Shall I recall thee from thy roses, sweet,
  To feel the thorns with me;
When deathless sorrow hath not lured thy feet
  Nor taught thine eyes to see?
Nay,—'twere not meet
  My grief should sadden thee.

But O, when sorrow beckons at thy door,
  And thou dost rise and follow far;
As I rejoin thee on the distant shore
  Where all earth's grieved ones are,
If thou implore
  I'll show my livid scar.

HEAVEN'S REQUITAL

'Mid the warring ways of life,
In the fierceness of the strife:
All the pain and all the passion
Raging in man's soul, to fashion
  Something half divine.

Weary hearted, burden pressed,
Loud man cried to heaven for rest,
Heaven made answer, "Light the burden
If thou share it; for thy guerdon
  Love—not rest—be thine!"

SONG

My love is of the morning
  When dawn flits up the sky,
When birds their bliss are singing,
  Rapture-high.

My love is of the noon-tide
  When tramp of toiling feet
Intones love's fervent music,
  Olden-sweet.

My love is of the evening
  When birds fly home to nest,
When a face of twilight beauty
  Seeks my breast.

LOVE'S WELCOME

I am standing on the threshold of the home of Love divine.
I, a king in royal ermine, bearing gifts of corn and wine.
"Open wide the sacred portals, fling the gates of gold aside;
I am come to do thee honor, here awhile shall I abide."
Lo, I hear in sweetest cadence soft a voice that stills my heart,
"Not to you is love responsive, not for you her gates shall part.
Naught she cares for earthly splendor, scorns a cloak of gorgeous hue,
Never Love was won by riches, Love demands the heart be true."

I am standing on the threshold of the home of Love divine.
Banished now the regal splendor, gone the pomp that once was mine.
Long I've traveled, long I've waited, and my heart is faint with fears,
Wearied is my soul with watching, blinded are my eyes with tears.
Straight the gates are drawn asunder, Love in glory greets me now;
Hushed and thrilled I swiftly enter, humbly at her feet I bow.
On my head her hands are resting, clear and sweet her accents ring,
"To my home I bid you welcome, in my heart I crown you king."

A FANTASIE

Night has fallen; I am roaming
  In the garden of my dreams;
In the star-embosomed gloaming
  Where the silver crescent gleams.

Wild or wistful night-winds, sighing,
  Waft my soul to slumbers deep.
Distant twilight voices, dying,
  Echo through the vales of sleep.

Far from out the flaming portal,
  Sown with stars, there rings a cry,
"Thou art blest, for thine immortal
  Love, unseen, unknown, am I!"

Silence reigns. The silver crescent
  Pales beneath the purpling day.
O'er the hills the wind's incessant
  Music sobs itself away.

With the morn, I still the wonder
  Of the voice that rang so late.
Goddess from the stars up yonder,
  I have heard and I will wait.

METAPHOR

"Love is life," he gently whispered,
"Murd'ress, darling, could you be?
Love's a river, rushing seaward,
Breast its waves with me."
"Love is life? and if I *take* it,
Then will I a murd'ress be.
Love a river? I must shun it
Or I drown," said she.

"Love is blind, and you must guide me
Down the paths that droop and wind."
"If I do," she smiled demurely,
"Blind will lead the blind."

CRITIC—CUPID

You bid me judge these pictures you have wrought,
With eye impartial, as a critic ought.
Nay, with Love's bandage fixed across his eyes
How can one weigh and ponder, critic-wise?
Think you that one who loves the artist's heart
Can judge with cool indifference her art?
Her face his fancy lures from every line,
And renders dear and hallowed each design.
* * * * * * * * * *
Sweetheart, I kiss the hand that gave them birth.
Assured of this—*I only know their worth.*

THE COQUETTE'S MIRROR

Through life before her fateful glass
She watched the seasons pale and pass;
She saw her flushed and beauteous face
To sour unsoftened age give place;
For last commission—at her death
The glass distilled her closing breath,
Ere back to earth her dust was blown.
Her soul no grateful glass had known,
And now, in others' happier lives,
No fair reflection still survives.

LOVE'S CAMARADERIE

I would not be enshrined so high and far,
At some dim altar where you kneel and pray;
I would be close beside you where you are,
On life's hard way.

To win your worship I would never ask,
But for your comradeship of every day:
I would be near you in your dullest task,
And in your play.

To be your queen I could not dream were bliss,
I would not rule but I would fain obey;
All that I crave in earth or Heaven is this—
To serve alway.

THE COST

The bitter battle of long months was over,
The prize was won.
Then I eagerly turned—and lo! in the eyes of my lover
Two tears shone.

My cheeks were glowing with the pride of capture,
Of farther fame.
And I looked unto her for answering pride, for the rapture,
But none came.

That night I asked her of her woeful bearing.
Her words were few:
"You have won to a height far up from that valley of sharing
We both knew."

And then my heart beheld its poor position.
Love inly knows
That it lives far below those shivering heights where ambition
Alone goes.

THE KING'S LAMENT

I am master of mighty armies,
And lord of a vast domain;
But there lies at the heart of my kingdom
A stronghold I strike in vain.

The strength of its walls defies me,
When thither my guns I train,
I must brook its forts undemolished,
Its mad commander unslain.

I am lord of a hundred cities,
But one I may never gain;
My-Soul is the name of that stronghold,
My-Will is its king insane.

ALONG THE WAY

Where tends this hard and toil-worn way?
It is the straight and narrow road
That leads to God from man's abode.

A cross my burden all the way?
Ay, 'tis a sign that thou would'st feel
Beyond thine own another's weal.

Stands there no inn beside the way?
Nay, would'st thou wish to dream awhile,
And dear-bought hours with play beguile?

And if I faint along the way?
Then shalt thou know, as ne'er before
His sorrow who did suffer more.

Goes there no guide to point the way?
Ay, One—the first to share thy woes.
Thou canst not think how near He goes.

How shall I know where ends the way?
Then one whose face thou wilt recall
Shall meet with thee and tell thee all.

LOVE

(*For E. P. B.*)

I do not know what gift Life flings more lavish
  Unto her children from the skies above;
Or what more wondrous joy, man's soul, may ravish,
  Than that of love.

Each weary back must bend beneath its burden,
  Each heart grow heavy with its weight of woe:
But, ah,—than Love, that there be rarer guerdon
  I do not know.

Ay, see them come, with wan and wistful faces
  Down the proud pathway where earth's millions move;
Yet for their strife great gods would yield their places—
  The goal is love.

Love!—that alone doth make earth's joy immortal,
  Doth raise to rapture hearts of steel or stone.
A hope more thrilling than to win Love's portal
  I have not known.

To win Love's portal; hear, with bliss supernal,
  The matchless music of her voice,—ah, yes,
Bidding me share her home, her hopes eternal,
  Her happiness.

Sure there be other gifts and gains men capture,
  But oh how vain, how vanishing, their joy!
Than Love I could not tell of other rapture
  Without alloy.

* * * * * * * * *

Now at Life's silver sunrise, pure and holy,
Love's flame is fixed and burns within your breast;
As bright 'twill burn when crimson'd sun creeps slowly
Down the still west.

From sun to sun, all lesser joys transcending,
Life's little loves and sweets that ill suffice,
Your woven ways shall thread, through time unending,
Love's Paradise.

SO THEY WENT BACK AND WALKED NO MORE WITH HIM

Then since you cannot let me lead you upward
To the far heights where love is sure and true;
Since fainting you stand suppliant by the road-side,
I will go back with you.

For I have learned I cannot live without you,
In yon dark vale or straining toward the height;
Then since you cannot let me lead you upward,
I must turn back to-night.

I shall forget our dreams of that fair journey,
Those wondrous dreams we shall not find again,
For I have learned I cannot live without you,
And with you I remain.

E'en though the sacrifice of Heaven is bitter,
Remembrance of the heights will fade at last;
I shall forget our dreams of that fair journey,
Come, let us face the past!

Since fainting you stand suppliant by the road-side,
And bid me turn and bide with you below;
E'en though the sacrifice of Heaven is bitter,
I love you—and I go.

THE EPISTLES OF CHRIST

(*II Cor.* 3:3)

The Lord hath used those lips of men,
To spread the Truth's immortal light,
Who pray the Spirit's mystic pen
Upon their lives the truth to write.

Could written parchment conquer all,
St. Paul's Epistles had sufficed;
But we must be ourselves, like Paul,
Epistles of the living Christ.

THE TWO WAYS

Some rush with shouts the world to win,
With whirlwind righteousness begin
To stir the dust of settled sin
And sweep love's fairer empire in.

While some, with quiet word and way,
In wounded souls the grief allay,
The shades of sin dispel for aye,
And bring the dawn of love's own day.

IN AFTER YEARS

Under the weeping willows
  Love, you and I,
When our love was burgeoning,
  Once did sigh.
Bathed in the bright June sunshine,
  Pearl-blue the sky,
Did some portent warn us then,
  Clouds were nigh?

Under the weeping willows
  Love, let us go,
Now our hearts have suffered all
  Here below.
Bathed in the bright June sunshine
  Love, we shall know
Flashes of the joy that thrilled.
  Long ago.

TO YOU—IN DARKNESS

I mark no more what stars may rise,
To gild my skies, to glad my eyes,
Since in that midnight where you are,—
So dark, so far—there shines no star.

Of little worth the friends I've won
'Neath yonder sun, where faileth none;
Down that dark world you've found I'd fare,
Dear heart, and there your cross I'd share.

GOD'S GREAT GIFT

The path of life is steep at best,
And long the road that leads to rest,
And distant far the paling west
Where ends the weary quest.

The load of toil is hard and high,
Each eve in mournful mood put by,
Each dawn resumed with wistful sigh,
By hearts that yearn to die.

But while they mourn their cross of care,
One comes and seeks the load to share,
With shoulders young and firm and fair,
That many a weight can bear.

The path of life is joy unguessed,
When two trip forth at love's behest,
And hail the dawns with heightening zest,
By God's great gift possessed.

TO AN OLD FRIEND

Friend of the past—when in the stilly night-time
I think of our old friendship, and of you:
And hear, adown night's corridors your whisper,
Bespeaking trust, my eyes o'erbrim anew.

Along man's way of life wait many comrades,
And one fond love doth call, beyond, above,
And man, allured by all their stirring voices,
Evades the friendship rarer far than love.

For if she call 'tis aye in accents lowly,
And if she beckon, 'tis at even hour:
Only the ear of faith will catch her footfall,
Only the heart of truth will own her power.

My garden plot of life lay dry and fallow,
And only worthless weeds were springing there;
When all was flooded with your faith and friendship,
And lo!—my garden bloomed with flowers fair.

Your coming was as pilgrim to his Mecca,
Stage after stage, door after door, you passed,
Nor found you any guard athwart the portal,
When to the inmost shrine you won at last.

* * * * * * * * * *

Friend—of the past, the present and the future—
Across the silence of the years that be,
Some messages from soul to soul must vibrate,
Our lives are linked through all eternity.

QUATRAINS

The Antechamber

I enter bold, with pulse athrob,
The antechamber, life;—cross o'er,
Slowly, to yon dark inner door,
And falter ere I turn the knob.

Windows

To go a journey, and to find a friend,
Love holds for life no fairer gift below:—
A window outward on the world we know,
And inward to a world that hath no end.

Chatterton

The stream of time was choked with ships,
That stately moved, and slow;
And when one strove to pass the rest
She sank; God willed it so.

The Inner Light

I asked His love to point my way
From dark to light, from night to day.
He answered, "This thy lamp must be,
My child, *the love that shines from thee.*"

Night

(*John* 13:30)

"I could not love you, dear." It was her word.
The room grew dark around me as I heard.
It was the hour of noon—the sun burned bright.
Like Judas I crept forth, *"and it was night."*

The Glimpse

After the glimpse into your brave heart given,
Could you refuse me what I found so fair?
'Twere as though God should ope the door of Heaven,
Then guard the portal lest one enter there.

Love Triumphant

(*In a Copy of "Love Triumphant" by F. L. Knowles*)

For we know that the Love Triumphant
Is the love that is sure and wise;
And the years are the slow unfoldings
Of its infinite sweet surprise.

G. B. N. and L. S. N.

(*In a Copy of "St. Paul," by F. W. H. Myers*)

You too, O friends (to you for lands outgoing),
For whom He died, in whom He lives again,
Go forth, like Paul, to daily death—for sowing
Seeds of His life in souls of dying men.

Paradise

Love's Paradise God doth entrust
Unto each soul to-day;
Then Satan sends his serpent, Lust,
To steal Love's home away.

DAWN ON MONADNOCK

A mountain height;
Across the night,
The veil of dawn,
By pale stars drawn;
The world adream,
The heavens agleam;
On such a morn
The soul's reborn.

INVERNESS

Hail! radiant mistress of the enchanted Firth,
Whose wand of Empire weaves its mystic spell;
Thrice hail, enchantress of our hearts as well!
Proud Highland breasts be those that vaunt their birth
Within the confines of thy virile earth.
Blest eyes be they whom countless morns impel
To view thy vistas; blest the tongues that tell
Thy wealth of wonders and thy beauty's worth.

I sing at morn thy fragrant isles that grace
The swirling waters of the wandering Ness;
I sing at eve thy westering sun's caress
That gilds the gloom of Wyvis' storm-girt face.
Blithe Inverness, queen of the Highlands brave,
I came a pilgrim, I depart thy slave.

FUJIYAMA REX

About thy breast the ageless winds make moan,—
  Dread, time-unconquered king, of quenchless power!
  Earth's midget monarchs serve their little hour,
And sleep. Through all, before all, thou wast known,
Thou did'st exist, yea thou did'st reign alone.
  Ere man was fashioned, worship was thy dower,—
  Dark forest denizens did quail and cower
Before the fury of thy fateful throne.
Peaceful and patient long, thy white pelisse
  Hath borne the blasts of generations gaunt,
    Hooding dim eyes that view the vista'd years.
Woe, woe to them that give thy wrath release!
  Then, in black skies, thy lurid flag will flaunt,
    And trail a path of terror and of tears.

TWILIGHT ON THE PENOBSCOTT

It is the hour of sunset. From on high
  Down the proud west the splendor steals away.
  Scarlet to silver fades, and gold to gray,
As crimson flames into pale ashes die.

Warily now the young moon climbs the sky,
  Testing its Midas-touch. Anon in play
  Darting behind some cloud it shoots its ray
Through slender rifts, out on the world to spy.

One after one, from the deep void, each star
  Stabs through the heavens with its lance of light,
  And joins the glittering pageantry of night.
From out the flaming cohorts, faint and far,
  Into the vast a courier star is hurled,
  Tidings to bear of this our dark lost world.

LAKE DUNMORE

Lake long-beloved, thy wondrous moods I'd hymn,
Whose mountains, mirrored on thy billowy breast,
Shadow thee round and shield thy peaceful nest
From the world's wrangling voices, far and dim.
Oh it were sweet athwart thy waves to skim
At eve when thou, meseems, art lovliest;
As the spent sun, low in the languid west,
Hides his hot face behind thy rainbow'd rim.

Thence into deeper darkness drifting soon—
To watch the wild stars shoot, the still stars shine,
Till, sudden, southward, the dull water o'er,
Flashes the silver searchlight of the moon.
The while dreams darken and fond hopes decline
That memory loved shall linger evermore.

EVENING IN YOKOHAMA HARBOR

Sunset; and turquoise-tinted orient skies
  Reflected in an ir idescent sea;
  A cloud-spun rainbow arched imperiously
Above where snow-crowned slumbrous Fuji lies,
Ruthless and dour what times his wrath shall rise—
  Eternal type of mindless majesty.
  New shades, and soft, steal forth, and flame, and
    flee;
And, last, a faint rose pallor flares and dies.

Darkness; a star, and myriad lambent lights
  Burning about yon dark night-mantled marge
    Of many waters, where there swoons to sleep
The squat strange city of a thousand sights.
  Midnight; the moon sails high her silver barge,
    And sentry stars their lanquid vigil keep.
  (*On S. S. Kaga Marn. October,* 1906).

AT LAST

We have learned Love's inevitableness.
The encroaching wave rides up the crumbling sand:
Shall puny walls of clay its might withstand?
So Fear's wild vehemence and Doubt's distress
Stand vainly forth when Love's almightiness
Resistless sweeps adown Life's desolate strand.
Shall man's blind battling mar what God hath planned?
Come, love—our impotence to Him confess!

Oh love, my love, since all-compelling might
Constrained our souls, through days we recked not of,
To blest convergence at this fane of love,
Bowed at yon altar's base we kneel this night,
And from the chalice of one golden hour
Quaff all the nectar of Love's utmost dower.

POETRY AND LOVE

When you and I pause for a trysting time,
  Here in the opal-tinted evening haze,
  Ere we disperse adown our separate ways,
New born a poet now my heart doth rhyme
Love's wonder tale, impassionate, sublime;
  Her sunlight bursting in on darkened days,
  Her moonlight flooding earth with silvern rays,
Her grace to succour, and her strength to climb.

What time I linger and you are not here,
  Much less a poet, still my heart must sing
  Of grief's wan hope and wild remembering,
Her cross unshouldered, and her unshed tear;
  Of suppliant souls whom destiny denied,
  Of frustrate souls whose darling dream has died.

FORESHADOWINGS

I

Simon to Judas

("Judas, the Son of Simon")

Judas, come here! Nay, son, why dost thou shrink
  Like a curst dog, or like a slave abhorred,
  These many hours? What news of him, thy Lord
From Galilee? Will he escape, dost think,
Those dastard Jews that thirst his blood to drink,
  In murd'rous semblance of that sacred board
  Thou tell'st of?—Hark! the hushed march of a horde
Of men—Judas!—their spurs at our door clink!
* * * * * * * * *
So thou art come!—Where wast thou gone with them?
  What! And *thou* one, and thine the traitor's part,
  Who kept his purse, who knew his inmost heart,
Thou vilest Jew in all Jerusalem!
  And thou, *my son;* would I were crucified!
  What if it—if it should be—*Deicide?*

II

Pilate's Wife to Pilate

(Upon his return from the Hall of Judgment)

Ho, Pilate!—came my message to thine ear
Bidding thee brave and thwart th' accursed crowd
Of craven murderers who clamoured loud
For crucifixion (Oh, I heard them here)?
That dream, my lord!—those dreadful forms of fear!
I saw *Him* wrap thee in thy burial shroud;
Strange, cruel wounds defaced thy forehead proud,
And in thy side were bruisings of a spear.

Thou gav'st Him to them—Pilate, can it be?
Brute then thou art, and basest of them all!
My dream returns, I see His fetters fall
Uupon thy wrists, thine ankles; yea, I see
Thy doom and mine. My lord, we are undone,
For thou hast slain the world's first sinless One.

III

Simon of Cyrene to Rufus of Cyrene

(*"Simon, the father of Alexander and Rufus"*—)
(*"Salute Rufus chosen in the Lord"*—)

I saw Him die; nay, son, not borne above
  By angel hosts (Some wine I pray thee pour,
  My age sits heavy, and my limbs are sore.)
I saw Him die, yea, *I partook thereof.*
The cross on which He died I felt them shove
  On these bent shoulders, and that weight I bore
  Up Golgotha, while he went on before,
His haggard eyes outflashing looks of love.

Far more I sense but cannot say, my son.
  The cross! Those signs! Is't He they crucify
  Or their own selves? Oh, yet *He* did not die!
This thou shalt tell till thy last sands are run:
  Up Calvary's slope, ere yester sun grew dim,
  It was thy father bore His cross for Him.

THE BRAHMAN TO JESUS

Master and Teacher, with what fond accord
  We yield Thy matchless life pre-eminence!
  In what unshadowed peace our spirit-sense,
Quickened with fasting, hath divined Thy word!
Base things of earth, like Thee, we have abhorred:
  Visions celestial crown our abstinence.
  We own Thee Prophet, and our zeal intense
Hath shamed the worldful West that calls Thee
    "Lord."

Thou art our own: upon an Eastern shore
  Prints of Thy feet have scarred the sun-bleached
    sand.
  Charged by the potence of Thy pierced hand,
The Orient ether thrills for evermore.
  Thy Western sons prove all Thy death may mean,
  Behold in us Thy *life,* O Nazarene!

MUSIC AND THE MASTER

I

Hast thou not seen some age-worn instrument
  Of music that disused and mute hath hung,
  Its strings, once resonant, now loosely strung,
As a spent arrow, marred and impotent?
In other moons its melting strains have lent
  Strength to the frail, to faltering love a tongue:
  Charmed by its sweetness, bards have soared and sung,
And stammering lips grown strangely eloquent.

And hast thou pondered this?—if one should come,
  And, stretching taut the strings that tuneless lie,
  With magic bow their souls reanimate—
What voices would resound that had been dumb!
  What chords re-echo that should rend the sky!
  What heavenly harmonies reverberate!

II

Hast thou not seen—spawn of humanity—
  Wave-battered souls that once the deep defied,
  Slow washing outward with the ebbing tide,
Flotsam and jetsam of Life's mournful sea?
How like yon instruments these wan souls be
  Within whose hearts no harmonies abide,
  From off whose lips some joyous song hath died—
Dull bestial remnants of mortality!

Yet should the Master of all souls possess
  Such loose-strung lives, tighten and tune each string,
  (Tested till naught of dissonance remains,)
Grant them to feel the finger's fond caress;
  How, then, would heaven with alleluiahs ring,
  And earth lie hushed and hallowed 'neath the strains!

FAITH'S DREAM OF DOUBT

Last night I dreamed that my beloved was dead;
  Wildly her name in dismal halls I cried;
  Shrill mocking echoes from the gloom replied,
Till my despair confessed her soul was sped.
A gleam of dawn-light stole across my bed;
  In glad release my prison'd eyes leapt wide,
  Met her sweet gaze—and a resurgent tide
Of love o'erswept my heart that, dreaming, bled.

So dreams the soul its Sovereign Lord has fled,
  In doubt's dark midnight that on faith doth fall,
    By no far beacon's glancing ray transcrossed.
Dawn breaks full soon—the East suffused with red;
  The soul awakes and finds Him at its call,
    And loves Him better that it dreamed Him
      lost.

AT CLOSE OF DAY I KNELT

(Near "Round Top," Northfield)

At close of day I knelt for evening prayer.
  Gray stars emerging from the golden glow
  Watched from afar and yearned methought to
    show
Their depth of sympathy. I looked to where
But now the sun adown the rainbow stair
  Of sunset splendor slipped away; and lo!
  The sky shone silver, and the hills of snow
Gleaming through purpling mists were lustrous fair.

My prayer unwhispered, long into the west
  My gaze inclined. Upon my heart there fell
  The peace of angels; till, the sacred spell
Dissolved, I gave my weary limbs to rest.
  No prayer ascended from my lips that night
  For God had talked to me, and all was light.

EPICURUS OR CHRIST

(On reading Walter Pater's "Renaissance")

I

Wizard, I own thy power. Withhold the spell
  Thy words would weave about my swooning soul
  That weakly falters—glimpsing still the goal
Of desperate hope thine opiate wand would quell.
Ring not upon my quivering faith the knell
  Of skeptic license that bids lift the bowl
  Of momentary passion—quaff its whole
Of bliss and blight, of very Heaven and Hell.

Resumes the voice: "This life—so dearly bought,
  One golden wassail-hour twixt womb and grave,
    Is beauty's thrall; disown the futile strife
That storms the heaven its frantic dreams have wrought.
  Forsooth thou hast no piteous soul to save:
    Save then the imperilled moments of thy life!"

II

The voice declines, and faintlier throbs the heart
  Of hope within me. Then, O then, I hear
  The whisper-waves that beat upon mine ear,
Importunate to enter, cry:—"Depart,
Prophet of death! And thou, my child, what art
  Could woo thee from remembrance, and could clear
  Thy conscience of its destined purpose here?
Hast thou not learned a less ignoble part?"

Once more, my soul, press up the steep ascent
  Of Golgotha; and even in pain's despite
    Pursue the gleam that lures thee from the dross
Of days thou hast but served thy selfish bent:—
  For all, to seek—God's cringing foes to fight!
    For all, to win, grave Nazarene, Thy cross!

SOVEREIGNTY

(*After a sermon by Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus in City Temple, London*)

"Then I saw thrones," John cried, in that dread hour
When this world's destiny and doom were sealed;
Beneath earth's vanquished realm he saw revealed
Eternal law, imperishable power.
Have *ye* seen thrones, O regnant souls that tower
Above your kind, and scornfully that wield
A scepter? Ah, your thrones ye soon must yield:
Shorn, loveless solitude your death-born dower.

Yet if ye glimpse, beyond earth's finite ends,
The *great white throne;* from such apocalypse,
With souls informed and sordid strength resigned,
Ye shall emerge one day, and in those friends
Whose lives by you are lifted, and whose lips
Are purged, your thrones eternal ye shall find.

IN LOVING HOPE

(*Walter Washburn*)

"The Lord hath given"—the little life to keep,
The little heart to soothe on loving breast,
The little head at eve to lull to rest;
"The Lord hath given," O Love divine and deep.

"The Lord hath taken away"—the sombre sleep
Of Death too soon o'er languid lids hath pressed.
Scarce flames the dawn when in the saffron west
The sun rides low, and evening shadows creep.

Since Thou hast borne him to Thy home above
We thank Thee, that, a transitory guest,
Thou gavest him who, at Thy love's behest,
Burst the frail bands of helpless human love.
Ah Lord, he was so pure, so sweet, so fair,
He must be happier in the home up there.

ELIHU BURRITT

With gaze that glowered on a world at war
(Blinded by smoke from murd'rous guns that curled,
Deafened with cries from anguished throats forth hurled)
His eyes discerned, like some mirage afar
On desolate plains where parchèd pilgrims are,
Beyond those drear confines a fairer world,
Where battle drums were stilled and flāgs were furled,
And love had laved its every stain and scar.

In yonder city where he toiled and dreamed,
And learned of books and men, and rights and wrongs,
As yester eve I watched the surging throngs
From many shores, with variant tongues, meseemed
The pledge was here of promised war's surcease.
Of universal brotherhood and peace.
(*New Britain, Conn., Jan.* 1, 1908.)

GLASGOW'S FAREWELL TO GEORGE ADAM SMITH

(*On his departure for Aberdeen*)

The College cries its debt to him whose mind,
Distilling sunshine where it moves, has lit
With radiant life the scenes of Holy Writ,
And, shadowed by no fears that fog and blind,
The hidden, luminous meaning has divined.
His sterling kindliness, his genial wit
And personal charm, his pupils' hearts have knit
In friendship's ties inseparably twined.

The church would crown her champion, keen and strong,
Endowed with passion's warmth and learning's power.
The city yields her love to him whose hour
Availed to war with every social wrong.
What Highland hearts have won their tongues may tell:
We can but bow bereaved. O King—farewell!
(*U. F. College, Glasgow, Scotland, Dec.,* 1909.)

MIRAGE

Westward I fared, and toiled a weary way
Through sand choked desert and o'er panting plain,
Wind-bitten wastes that ever yearn for rain,
Parched by the sun's immitigable ray.
Sudden, afar, where clung the dying day
A slumbrous pool shone forth, and I would fain
Have reached its shimmering surface, but in vain;
Mocking my thirst it sank in mist away.

Thus oft to men grown weary of the strife,
Bending to burdens that they may not lift,
The clouds are pierced, and through the golden rift
There shines a vision of the nobler life:
And though it soon must vanish like a dream,
Life gains her lustre from that moment's gleam.

TO CHRISTINA—TO-DAY

(*On Reading "The Chronicles of Yaddo"*)

I knew you not in that blithe yesterday
  Of Yaddo, but I felt your spirit steal
  Besides me as I read: yea, I did feel
The breath of buoyant *life* no bounds could stay;

The youth-born rapture, and the rare display
  Of spiritual sense they know who kneel
  In prayer persistent—they, whose lives reveal
How over death Love's scepter holds its sway.

Earth could not cramp your spirit, wing'd for flight,
  That burst its chrysalis of time and space,
    To find unfoldment in eternity.
Christina, through your life outstreams the light
  That wreathed that other Child's irradiant face,
    Who romped and dreamed, of old, in Galilee.
  (*Saratoga, N. Y., September,* 1908.)

TO E. P. P. AND J. H. T.

(*"The Soul of Jonathan Was Knit with the Soul of David"*)

Born of the glory of the golden age
  Of the fair city your knit lives have blest;
  Through two-score years unsundered, neath the test
Of poignant griefs, nor time nor tears assuage,
Of secret hurts, and of the wars men wage
  In Pride's vain tourney, not at Truth's behest;—
  Still bides the friendship your great hearts confessed,
And God confirmed, as faith's bright heritage.

Prophets, beloved at home, abroad renowned,
  Your monument, our souls that turn from wrong
And braver dare the heights because we found
  Your friendship, like an anchor, sure and strong!
Now on that love-wrought cairn, with praises crowned,
  Is laid this tribute of unworthy song.
  (*Asylum Hill Church, Hartford, September,* 1912.)

TO T. A. DALY

(After reading "Canzone." In answer to "A Song to One")

That I am one to read your lays
And proffer you my meed of praise
  Full well I know is naught to you,
  Who wrote to cheer a chosen few,
Nor sought to set a world ablaze.

Yet as the many bring the bays
You have not asked—the happy phrase,
  The greeting kind, I would you knew
  That I am one

Whose shy untutored tongue would raise
Its tribute, not as one that weighs
  In balance, and gives guerdon due;
  But one who loves the strong and true.
'Tis by such verse, no word repays,
    That I am won.

MY VALENTINE

(*To B. R. J.*)

My valentine? One asked in jest,
And, graver then, the question pressed,
  Who knew my youthful days are o'er
  Of tuneful tributes by the score,
Where loyal loves are soft confessed.
Now friendly rhyme of Cupid's quest
With bow and quiver doth attest
  No longer, as in days of yore,
    My valentine.

A face—of gladsome smiles possessed;
A heart—the spring of love unguessed;
  Two lips—of golden words the store;
  A life where love—O more and more!—
In deeds, not words, is aye expressed:—
      My valentine.

IN MEMORIAM: VERLING WINCHEL HELM

Thy face aglow with morning light—
  We little thought how swift and soon
  The hours would droop to afternoon,
Would fade through evening into night.

And yet our times are in His hand,
  And if thy life was needed there,
  So strong to serve, so hard to spare,
We speed thee to the Morning Land.

"And I, if I be raised above,
  Will draw the world to me," He said:
  And to our lives His death is wed,
Our lives through which men learn His love.

But 'tis ourselves we oft exalt,
  Who doubtful wait His passion's proof,
  And from His children stand aloof,
While eyes grow dim and footsteps halt.

'Tis through the life of one like thee—
  So near thy living Lord, who stood,
  So near thy human brotherhood—
Men find the Man of Galilee.

Where thou didst move about the earth,
  The hungry sheep of God were fed,
  The wayward lambs to shelter led;
And nobler dreams were brought to birth.

We sing thy heart so brave to bear—
  So quick another's hurt to feel,
  Thy hand so swift to help and heal,
Thy saintly spirit, pure and fair.

Th' eternal years thy sheaves shall see
  In lives wherein thy precepts grow,
  Which truer ring, and brighter glow,
Because of thee, because of thee.

EAST AND WEST

(*To the Daughter of a Missionary, on her Departure for America*)

Out of the East—the mystery and magic
That dawns with twilight and with daylight dies;
Yon soldier race where, seek'st thou trite of tragic,
Th' impassive face thy scrutiny defies.

Out of the East—where Fuji, hale and hoary,
Hath won the worship of each vanished age;
Fair bourne of mirrored shrine and vista'd *torii,*
Out of the East thou mak'st thy pilgrimage.

Unto the West—the monuments majestic,
The busy marts, the tyranny of trade;
Fond dreams of maidens merged in cares domestic,
Dark crimes that covert in the long night shade.

Unto the West—the land of hope's transcendence,
Where every race of all the world doth send
Her sons to learn the lays of independence:—
Unto the West thy pilgrim foot-steps bend.

Daughter of West and East, into thy coffers
The genius of the East, as of the West,
Ere now hath poured his treasure store, and proffers
Unto thy hand forevermore his best.

Choose for thy path the truest and the highest,
Leave thou the lesser, as thou hast, the least;
And One at last shall tell thee, ere thou diest,
"Thy life hath honored well both West and East."

A BIRTHDAY GREETING

(To a new, dear friend)

Your birthday!—Yours? Who are you?
I do not know you—quite:—
A blaze in that vast blackness
That wrapped my soul in night.

Flitting afar to find you,
Friend with the soul so true,
Swift to the flame you kindled,
Moth-like, my spirit flew.

A few fleet days together,
Long years of dream and thought
To reach this consummation
God in an hour hath wrought.

And now I've found you, fairest,
I guard you half afraid:
Into dissevered ages
Must this linked moment fade?

Nay but we will not ask it:
The cup, the cup, dear heart,
Of joy to-day. To-morrow
God knows if we must part.

Here at the hearth of friendship
Resting secure from harm,
We will not fear dim phantoms,
Nor dread a sundering arm.

The past all mystic sweetness,
  Future we dream not of,
Save that it must be friendship,
  Save that it might be love:

Onward we fare and upward,
  Fearless for God is here;
This is my birthday message,
  This is my present, dear.
(*Aug.* 26, 1908.)

TO M. B. D.

Winding pathways far we followed,
Yours and mine:—and many friends
Journeyed with us, cheering, chiding,
Till—each pathway ends
In a single, sun-filled highroad,
Ours, to tread forevermore,
Days of doubt and dream behind us,
Love's One Life before.
(*August* 26, 1909.)

A CONTRAST

(On Viewing Two Adjacent Pictures in a Glasgow Gallery)

1. The Forerunner, by Sir J. E. Millais

The winds of dawn bestir his tawny hair,
Tinged with the splendid glory of the radiant east;
His youthful, fervent face is lifted toward the cross
His hands hold out before him rapturously,
Haunting his eager lips the spirit of a smile.
His eyes, by the rude crucifix enravished,
Glow with an inward fire,
A mystic flame,
Reflected from the sunrise of his holy dream
To draw men upward to some great Ideal
(Dimly divined, impersonally known)
Toward which his own white soul aspires:—
Behold the Baptist, by his Heavenward dreams
transfigured.

2. St. Helena—The Last Phase, by Jas. Sant

A sallow face of giant mould,
Rugged, relentless, as a cliff unyielding to the sea;
A massive forehead, gaunt and sunken cheeks;
A rigid, powerful chin,
Impetuously, passionately wilful;
Eyes that are awful in their emptiness,
Wherethrough have shone illimitable dreams,
Lustful of empires and of worlds won by unparalleled emprise,
But now impoverished by ravaged hopes,
And hollow as the selfish heart discovered
By their vindictive, mournful vacancy:—
Behold the Bonaparte, by worldly wasted dreams
disfigured.

TO PRINCETON—1905

(Class Ode)

On tower and hall pale evening shadows rest;
The sun is low, is low,
Lingering sadly in the crimson west,
Till softly it shall go
To dawn anew in alien skies, caressed
With silvery, sunrise glow.

So pales the sunset of our college days,
Whose joys are past, are past;
Here as we gather in the twilight haze,
Be friendship true and fast!
To Nineteen-Five our glasses now we raise.
In one toast more—the last.

Swift comes the sunrise of a larger day,
Whose tasks are near, are near;
Joined by these bonds of fellowship for aye,
Glad scorn we'll fling to fear,
And all shall glorify, nor one betray
Our class, forever dear.

MOTHER OCEAN

(*A Sailor's Song*)

I come to your breast, Mother Ocean,
For the crooning my weariness craves.
No murmurs of music can lull me
Like the ravenous roar of your waves.

Your merriest moods are terrific;
Your wrath is a rapture of joy;
Man's sorrow your bitterness quenches,
His madness your follies destroy.

Ye winds of the Northland, blow wilder!
Ye boisterous billows up-start!
Mid the thunderous war of your waters
There is peace, there is peace, in my heart.

I shall know, at the last, Mother Ocean,
Your fondest and final embrace;
Grim death will be shorn of his terrors,
I shall see but the smile on your face.

THE REFLECTION

Hast ever seen, abroad on some bleak ocean,
With nightly views of vistas dark and drear,
Sudden the moon peer through the sable curtains·
And shed across the wave her lustre clear?

So have they seen, the heralds of the Highest,
In lands where sin has sown the curse of night,
Love's flaming moon burst through the sodden darkness
And leave a trail of souls aglow with light.

ON SHIP-BOARD

I watch yon sailors scrub and lave
The decks the live-long day,
When from the deep one mammoth wave
Would wash all stains away.

So, Lord, life's blotches to erase
We strive, by night, by day,
When waits the ocean of thy grace
To wash those stains away.

SOUL, REST NOT IN THY SORROW

Soul, rest not in thy sorrow,
  Enthroned this weary while;
Stay not to ask the empty grace
  To bless and not revile.
Go, meet thy brothers overborne
  And cheer them with thy smile.

Soul, rest not in thy sorrow,
  Held to thy heart so long;
Stay not to cull the bitter fruits
  That to all grief belong.
Go, find thy fellow-sufferers
  And flood them with thy song.

Soul, rest not in thy sorrow,
  No rest love dare afford;
The sad world waits the golden word
  Thy lips must now record.
Go, seek the wounded sons of men
  And lead them to thy Lord.

THE DAY'S LIFE

I. Morning

He asked a boon of Life
  As he mounted and rode away:
To the west, a sound of strife,
  Eastward the breaking day.

Life said to the youth: "Be strong!
  For those on the upward slope
The toils are many, the way is long,—
  I give thee Hope."

II. Noon

He asked of Life a boon
  As he wearily paced the road
In the burning heat of noon,
  Fainting beneath his load.

Life said to the man: "Take care!
  For the scorching sun above;
Behold one cometh thy load to share,—
  I give thee Love."

III. Night

A boon of Life he asked
  As he laid in the grave a shroud:
The face of the future masked;
  Over the past a cloud.

Life whispered: "The morn will break!
  Thy grief is a midnight wraith;
To endless Love shall thy soul awake,—
  I give thee Faith."

"God lives, I say,
God lives to-day."
"Oh, soul, how hast thou known?"
" 'Tis hymned by every bursting bush,
'Tis whispered by the leaves,
'Tis painted in the roseate flush
The sunset sky receives."

"God loves, I say,
God loves for aye."
"Oh, soul, how durst thou hope?"
" 'Tis thrilled through every mother's kiss,
Through childhood's lisping prayer,
Through hands that work love's ministries,
Through hearts that dream and dare."

"God rules, I say,
God rules alway."
"Oh, soul, how canst thou tell?"
" 'Tis written clear in human lives,
On history's printed page,
The false succumbs, the true survives,
And spreads from age to age."

THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE

Brave souls in hope have ever sought a way to God
on high.
The prophets crying, "Souls repent," have pointed
toward the sky;
But One there was, in the arms outstretched, who
said,
"The Way am I."

Pure souls in doubt have sought a truth by which to
live and die.
The sages, crying, "Ours the truth," give each to
each the lie;
Yet was there One, of stainless deed, who said,
"The Truth am I."

Strong souls for full and endless life were ever born
to sigh.
The saints have sought in lonely lands from forth
the world to fly;
But One, who breathed eternal joy, has said,
"The Life am I."

ASKED AT SUNSET

Are there no songs to which the ear that hearkens
  Asks nevermore earth's music as of old—
Heard ere life's noonday into twilight darkens,
  Wafted at even through the gates of gold?

Is there no vision of an everlasting
  Seen ere life's lamp hath flickered out at last—
The far effulgence of a glory, casting
  Shadows across earth's pictures that are past?

And shall not thus, while the late sunset lingers,
  His chill despair with crescent hope be crossed—
Ere the spent soul's distraught and frantic fingers
  Their last wild hold upon life's ledge have lost?

THE EASTER LIGHT

(*John* 20:1-10)

Still are there love-drawn souls to-day
Who seek the tomb where Jesus lay
And find the stone is rolled away.

They peer within the ghostly gloom;
No spiritual lights illume,
They only see the empty tomb.

To them no angel forms appear,
No voice is sounding in their ear,
"The Lord is risen, He is not here."

From piteous eyes the quick tears start,
Then musing o'er the thievish art
That stole their Lord, they slow depart.

They bow bereaved beneath the cross,
They mourn the world's unmeasured loss,
And hold all heavenward hope but dross.

Oh, foolish hearts and slow of sight,
Who watch and wait in Calvary's night,
Will ye not see the Easter light?

EASTER HYMN

I. The Manger

My head has bowed at Bethlehem,
  At Bethlehem so bright:
I heard the angels in the sky,
I saw the wise men drawing nigh,
  Their guiding light
The wondrous star on high.

Oh the songs they sing,
And the gifts they bring,
Whose hearts have cradled the New Born King!

II. The Cross.

Mine eyes have wept on Calvary,
  On Calvary so drear:
I saw the Saviour crucified,
My sins the cross on which He died,
  My grief the spear
They pressed into His side.

Oh the guilt and shame,
And the scourging blame,
Of those whose lips have disowned His name!

My heart has burned in Galilee
  In Galilee the blest;
I heard the voice I knew of yore,
I saw the matchless eyes once more,
  With love possessed,
That thrilled me as before.

Oh the peace they win,
And the rest from sin,
Whose Lord is risen and reigns within!

A THANKSGIVING THOUGHT

I thank Thee, Lord, for these Thy gifts:
The western sky at dusk of night,
When sunset gleams through golden rifts;
The eastern sky with dawn alight.

The gorgeous sheen of autumn trees,
The purity of winter snows,
The calm content of summer seas,
When from the south the zephyr blows.

The warming sun that flames above,
The cooling cloud that o'er it drifts,
My glad heart thrilled with Nature's love,—
I thank Thee, Lord, for these Thy gifts.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

The brightest spot in the whole wide world,
That earliest Christmas night,
Was not the palace of Herod's court,
With myriad torches bright,
But the lowly stall where the blessed child
Lay bathed in a Heavenly light.

And where will ye find the radiant spots
In the whole wide world to-day?
O, not in the palaces stern and great,
Where the kings and the princes stay,
But down in the homes of the pure in heart
Where latest the Christ-child lay.

AN EASTER THOUGHT

"Galilean, thou hast conquered!"
  Thus the dying Julian cried
As his soul went forth, defeated,
  To the Lord his life defied.

"Galilean, thou has conquered!"
  Thus shall ring our triumph cry
When our souls, by Christ enfolded,
  Find it is not death to die.

AT A COMIC OPERA

There's a time when dark fancies go straying,
  Undeluded by glamour and sheen,
From the parts which the actors are playing
  To the souls that are stifling unseen.

To the music light steps must go tripping
  Though hearts are full-laden with woe,
Though souls in the shadow are slipping:
  Nay—Tragedy—this is thy show!

MORNING AND EVENING

The dawn is a slender maiden
With a face divinely fair;
Her smile is a dream of sunshine,
A shimmer of gold, her hair.

The night is a stately princess,
A girdle of stars her crown;
Her voice is enchanting music,
And lulls into sleep her own.

THE KING AND THE PILGRIM: AN ALLEGORY

Draw near, thou stern-browed traveler, and say,
where wilt thou go?
I tread a long steep pathway to a land thou dost not know.

How thou art bent beneath thy cross; here lay thy
burden down.
The cross I bear is light beside thy jewel-weighted crown.

Come, I will set thee at my feasts where women
dance and sing.
At fleshly banquets such as thine the soul is starved, O King.

This night thy weary limbs shall share the king's
emblazoned bed.
I serve a King who had not where to lay His hallowed head.

Alluring books and gorgeous sport shall grace each
dazzling day.
On earth I have one Book to read and many prayers to say.

A snow-white steed shall feel thy rein when to the
wars we ride.
I would not slay but save the souls for whom the Lord Christ died.

My courtiers call, my maidens wait, hear how the
games begin.
I only hear a still small voice that bids me strive with sin.

Farewell till next we meet; press on thy foolish
path of pain!
Farewell forevermore, O king:—we shall not meet again.

PRAYER—AT THE CROSS

Grant me the grace,
Looking upon Thy face,
  Oh matchless King!
To see Thee as Thou art;
Within Thy glowing heart
To glimpse the love untold
That ever doth unfold
Its wondrous burgeoning.

Grant me the grace,
Looking upon Thy face,
  Oh Crucified!
To find reflected there,
In scars of grief laid bare,
Darker than Lethe's night
The sins I held so light,
The sins Thou could'st not bide.

Grant me the grace,
Looking upon Thy face,
  Oh Lord of might!
To know my sins resigned,
And at Thy cross to find
New blest with joy undreamed,
And holy in Thy sight.

FOR HOSTESS

Not she who ever works her way to wing
Unto the hid heart of her lord and king
With anxious art and busy banqueting;

But she best serves whose love-appointed seat
Is by her lord:—like her, so still and sweet—
The loving listener at the Master's feet.

FOR LEADER

One who seeks for truth in strange, dark places
With a torch no lenient eye could bear;
One who looks for love in hard, cold faces,
Finding what none other deemed was there:

One who strives, but for no selfish winning,
One who, failing, will not own defeat;
One who holds so high a scorn of sinning,
None may lure his soul to self-deceit:

One who fights unfoiled by stupid blindness
Of the good who fear no cause for blame;
One who walks untrapped by subtle kindness
Of the evil, bringing gifts of shame:

Knowing never joy unshared by others;
Taking for his own the wide world's pain,
Counting men of every creed his brothers;
And eternity his soul's domain.

TO MY MOTHER

(*In a Book of Thoughts on Prayer*)

Time's hands that circle night and day
Have marked once more the first of May,
The freshening flower, the garden gay—
Fair summer's green for winter's gray.

Glad Spring's rejoicing birthday bell
Peals forth your birthday joy as well,
When grateful gifts but feebly tell
Of love no years can dim or quell.

Now as with sheaves of praise and prayer
Each day you reap this harvest rare,
My love recall which here you share,
But more—His love which beckons there.
(*May* 1, 1906.)

L'ENVOI

(*"The Greatest of These"*)

The youth of my heart has ended,
  Its passions are lulled to rest;
But I echo it still, as my dim eyes fill—
  Love is best.

Staunch ships fare forth from their havens,
  The seas of the world to roam;
For the lads who sail in the storm and gale—
  Love's a home.

The hopes of a youth prove fleeting,
  The dreams of a youth fade fast;
But in memory blest, as an age-long guest—
  Love will last.

Gray shadows lengthen around me,
  My sun hangs low in the west;
Yet I feel the thrill of the old song still—
  Love is best.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 440 558 2